

AROUND IN GOTHAM.

CONFUSION AMONG THE CUT-GLASS IMPORTING HOUSES.

Mr. Withers Loses His Temper—Hawthorne's Abnormal Appetite—Men Who Help Struggling Youth.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.)

New York, November 1, 1890.

Indications are not wanting at present to convince the most skeptical that the majority of the importing houses engaged in the fine-cut glass trade will have to go to the wall before many months have passed. The McKinley bill has virtually closed out all outlets for their goods. Two of the most prominent firms in Barclay street have determined to wind up their business on January 1st and their example will be followed by others. The importers of Bohemian and Vienna glass were slow to realize that the action of the McKinley bill affecting their wares would pass without amendment. Their orders to foreign houses to discount the effect of the new tariff, were therefore, comparatively small, and the American manufacturers, who had been lulled by the rich harvest from their oversight, conferences have already been held by representatives of the Pennsylvania factories with their agents in New York, and a gradual advance in price has been agreed upon to keep pace with the action of the McKinley bill. The manufacturers of druggists' supplies are to take the initiative and when the present plan of action is carried out in all its detail foreign imports will be virtually abandoned. Charles A. Tatum, Whitehall, Tatum & Co., talking upon the subject the other day, said: "The idea is to mark up the price 1 per cent. every thirty days, beginning with the cheap grade of goods. Up to October 1st there was a margin of profit to the importer of 5 per cent., if cheap freight was secured. In other words, the importer could undersell the American manufacturer 5 per cent. in the same line of cut-glass, but the suggestion has been made and will probably be carried out to reduce that margin to less than 1 per cent."

MR. WITHERS' ANGER.

D. D. Withers, the well-known breeder and owner of thoroughbreds, is one of the most importunate men who frequent a race-track. He never sends any money into the ring and only sends his horses for glory. The other day he was very much chagrined when something went wrong, but he was never known to vent his disappointment upon any one in his employ until the other day when Joseph Simms got a severe tanning over the back of his neck. Mr. Withers had been in the two-year-old stake on one of the last days of the Morris-Park meeting. He had come all the way that morning from Long Branch to see the "computer's" performance. With a powerful back and a powerful stomach, he was not especially favored, he got off well in the race. The contestants had not run a hundred yards, however, before the filly got poked. With a feeling of disgust he looked back and saw that the filly had been poked. He turned to him. It turned out that the youngster was pocketed no less than four times and then finished third. Young Simms was summoned before the Judge of the track and given a severe lecture.

"How was it, Simms?" said Mr. Withers.

"It was poked," replied the jockey. "Of course, I know that," ejaculated his employer, "and even four times at that."

"Dig your pardon, sir," only three," responded Simms. "I said I saw it. I said that you took for another pocket was only my kindness to the animal."

"Zounds, boy," roared Mr. Withers, "I came from Brooklyn to see a horse race and you have to pet me; you are discharged."

Young Simms will never ride another race for Mr. Withers, but the latter's ill luck has stuck to him, and he has since sold the filly that caused him to lose his temper for the first time in his life.

THE INCREASE IN TORNADOES.

Lieutenant John P. Finley, of the Signal Service, has just compiled a statement regarding the increase in tornadoes in America during the last seventeen years. While in 1870 there were only nine the number has increased annually, the year 1889 being credited with 250. Since that time the number, only four years having been recorded in 1885, 1886, 1887 and 1888, the Lieut. estimates that in 1889 over 300, 000,000 worth of property was destroyed by these tornadoes and 200 lives lost.

A NOVELIST'S APPETITE.

Julian Hawthorne, in a sketch published last Sunday entitled "Some of New York's Sub-Sunshine Scenes," by the way, has attracted a good deal of notice, paid an old score which he has long laid up against one of his best friends. In the sketch he drew a character of a man of mystery—just such a character as one would suppose Jack the Ripper to be—and the identity of the character will be quite concealed even in the name. The man whose peniculate was drawn is Charles Sotherton, a well-known dilettante and a cousin of the Sothertons of London. Hawthorne has been itching for a chance to get back at Sotherton for many months. Sotherton exposed some of his friend's weak points at a dinner party last winter, and this is the first opportunity he has had of getting his revenge. Hawthorne has a most marvellous arrangement in the place where ordinary mortals have their stomachs. His appetite is something entirely unique and abnormal. Sotherton found this out and exposed it. One day last winter Hawthorne, when the cat in the basement of the Washington building at 301 Broadway. Their purpose was to take a drink. Hawthorne looked about and discovered on one of the tables an enormous pie. It was three times the usual size of pie. Hawthorne ordered it and ate it. Hawthorne drinks like a common man a bit of free lunch. Sotherton watched him with wide-open eyes. Ten days later the two friends were at dinner-party at a large restaurant in Lafayette Place. As they passed up-stairs to the banquet-room Hawthorne observed two large pieces of strawberry short-cake on a lunch counter.

"Hold up a minute, Sotherton," he cried, "I want these, and then passed in to the banquet-table, where he did full justice to the viands. Sotherton made a little speech after the dinner, and in the course of it he said he did not know whether he would survive his friend Julian Hawthorne, but he did he should insist on an autopsy being made on his death, and should ask his friends to contribute to a fund to send him to a sanatorium, where it might be thoroughly examined, and if necessary presented as a natural curiosity."

A NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

Electricity has been put to many uses in late years, but the very latest application of this agency is being made in novel indeed. For the past year Dr. Blair, of the City Hospital, has been experimenting with the telephone, and has finally completed connections between the wards and the reception room so that attendants whose nervous condition of affliction with a contagious disease renders close approach inadvisable. At the head of each cot is

A RECEIVER AND IN THE RECEPTION ROOM.

a corresponding annunciator and a switch-board fitted with plugs and straps. This board contains the names of the patients, and the attendant simply places the plug into the hole under the name when the friend desires to communicate with him. The system has been found to work with great success and will soon be adopted by the other hospitals. While at the recent medical congress in Berlin the Doctor listened with interest to the extended discussions on the assistance to be rendered by electricity in surgical operations. Since then he has experimented to some extent and recently removed the stone from a bladder of one of his patients by an application of this fluid through a wet sponge. He is very sanguine about the good results obtainable in cases of spinal disease by this means, but as yet has not experimented.

A BENEFICENT PAD.

The nomination of Francis M. Scott as candidate for mayor of New York by the factions opposed to Tammany Hall suggests that thousands of men who are now holding high positions would-day be buried in obscurity but for the generosity of wealthy benefactors. A number of well-known millionaires are known to have been picking up deserving young men who are badly in need of a helping hand and caring for the youths as if they were of their own flesh and blood.

Mr. Scott is one of those fortunate young men who has been picked up by the millionaires. He is a handsome man, with a good education, and a great deal of energy. He is now holding a high position in the office of the city of New York. He is a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him. He is a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

Another man who has made a big name in the metropolis was nearly every one knows. He is a handsome man, with a good education, and a great deal of energy. He is now holding a high position in the office of the city of New York. He is a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him. He is a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

There are a number of other men, while not making as great a success as the two mentioned, who have received first-class education at the expense of Mr. Withers. One of them is a young man named Sotherton, who may think will land in the United States Senate at the expiration of William M. Evans's term, is another man who takes a great delight in picking up bright young men who are poor and giving them a good start in life. He is a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

Chauncey M. Depew devotes a good portion of his income every year in aiding poor young men in securing good education and a start in life. Three or four scholars receive Yale College diplomas every year at Mr. Depew's expense. One of these Mr. Depew never saw until he made the acquaintance of Sotherton. He met the boy during a visit to Washington. The boy, who was but sixteen years of age, was employed upon a newspaper and received an assignment to interview the distinguished New York Times editor. Mr. Depew, who was in the city, saw the boy and was very much interested in him. He decided to help him and gave him a good start in life.

The boy said his parents could ill afford to send him to college, and being a self-reliant youngster he preferred to make his own way. Mr. Depew said that he was perfectly willing to take the boy to his home and let him stay there until he had found a way to support himself. He was very much interested in the boy and decided to help him. He gave him a good start in life and he has since become a very successful man.

In a conversation the other night with Senator George Hearst, of California, who enjoys one of the largest incomes of any man in the country, he said that the knowledge of having aided poor boys to rise in the world gave him the greatest pleasure in life by reason of his great wealth. The Senator's great racing life is a source of great pleasure to him, but that pleasure was not near so substantial as the other just mentioned. I have been told by old western friends of the Senator that he has no more pleasure in his racing life than he has in his business life. He is a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

Congressman Roswell P. Flower is another one who has been a great benefactor to poor young men. I know at least half a dozen who are in highly prosperous circumstances who owe both their success and education to this big benefactor. This time the Senator's great racing life is a source of great pleasure to him, but that pleasure was not near so substantial as the other just mentioned. I have been told by old western friends of the Senator that he has no more pleasure in his racing life than he has in his business life. He is a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

A LOST BATTLE.

Dr. ALPHEUS DAWSON.

As they had been fighting for two days and had passed the preceding night with their knapsacks on their backs beneath the drizzling rain, the soldiers were exhausted. Nevertheless, for three mortal hours they had been kept waiting with grounded arms, in the mud of the highways and the mud of the back of the field.

Overcome with fatigue and loss of sleep, their uniforms heavy with water, they huddled together to keep warm, to sustain themselves. There were some who slept as they stood leaning on the neighbor's knapsack, and others who were propped up by a stone or a log. The men's faces were pale, and their eyes were closed. They were waiting for orders, and the headquarters did not send them.

The headquarters, however, were not far off. They were in a handsome house, in the style of Louis XIII., the red bricks of which, washed by the rain, glistened on the hillside among the trees. It was truly a princely dwelling and well worthy of bearing the banner of a marshal of France. Behind the house, a great ditch ran straight up to the steps of the mansion, and even green, and bordered with a row of flowers. On the other side, the private garden of the house was a garden of all manner of flowers, and the garden was a garden of all manner of flowers.

Although the proprietors had departed nothing there indicated the recklessness, the overwhelming desolation of war. The ornaments of the chief of the array were in the garden, and the garden was a garden of all manner of flowers, and the garden was a garden of all manner of flowers. The garden was a garden of all manner of flowers, and the garden was a garden of all manner of flowers.

Billiards! The game was this great warrior's weakness. He stood there, his breast covered with decorations, his eyes sparkling, and his eyebrows inflamed by the dinner, the game, and his potatoes. His aides-de-camp surrounded him, and he was a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

When the Marshal made a point they all precipitated themselves toward the marker. When the Marshal was thirsty they all wished to prepare for him. He was a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him. He was a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

The Marshal's opponent was a captain on the staff, named, with curled hair and light-colored gloves, who was an expert at billiards and capable of vanquishing all the marshals in the world; but he knew how to keep at a respectful distance from his chief, and while he listened to him, he was a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

"Well, let them attack!" said the Marshal, exclaiming his cue. "Your turn to play, Captain." The staff officer, disinterested with admiration, turned and upon a gun carriage was nothing compared to this marshal standing so calmly before the billiard-table at the very moment of action. Meanwhile the cannon roared, and the roar of the cannon was a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

But the captain's mind was elsewhere. So much for being young! He became confused, forgot his caution, and made a shot which nearly cost him his eye. The game was over. The Marshal was a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him. He was a very successful man, and his nomination as candidate for mayor of New York is a great honor for him.

TAUROMACHY.

ULL-FIGHTING AS IT WAS AND IS TODAY IN MEXICO.

Royal Buller gives him a stroke to the brain with a short pike, which kills him instantly; a team of gayly-dressed gaudy men, at once prepared for gallop-horse steak to adorn the Monday meal of the missionary. This is repeated till the advertised number of bulls has been dispatched, and then the crowd disperses to gather again on the next Sunday afternoon.

A MEXICAN PRIMER.

The great majority of the men in the profession here are Spaniards, but one of the natives has achieved great celebrity here as well as in Europe. We allude of course to Ponciano Diaz, who was born on a hacienda in the State of Mexico near the city. It is worthy of note that this same hacienda of Atenco, on which Ponciano first saw the light, now furnishes the finest fighting bulls in the republic. This kind of Mexican sports is not only a matter of his chosen profession, but is also a highly educated gentleman. He is rich, though poor, and owns one of the finest private libraries in the country. He is a noble-looking fellow and the idol of a large number of his countrymen. A journal said of him not long since:

"Should some day a man be required to fill the archiepiscopal see at Mexico and the bull-fight-going people be called to elect a man for the place, Ponciano would be the first to be named."

Should a presidential election be left to the will of the masses enthusiastically patronizing the popular sport, Ponciano would be the first to be named.

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The admission is from 25 to 75 cents for seats on the sunny side, and from \$1 to \$5 in the shade. The suits worn by the men in these fights are picturesque and gaudy, and being covered with gold-silver and bangles, cost from \$200 to \$1,000.

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TAUROMACHY.

ULL-FIGHTING AS IT WAS AND IS TODAY IN MEXICO.

Royal Buller gives him a stroke to the brain with a short pike, which kills him instantly; a team of gayly-dressed gaudy men, at once prepared for gallop-horse steak to adorn the Monday meal of the missionary. This is repeated till the advertised number of bulls has been dispatched, and then the crowd disperses to gather again on the next Sunday afternoon.

A MEXICAN PRIMER.

The great majority of the men in the profession here are Spaniards, but one of the natives has achieved great celebrity here as well as in Europe. We allude of course to Ponciano Diaz, who was born on a hacienda in the State of Mexico near the city. It is worthy of note that this same hacienda of Atenco, on which Ponciano first saw the light, now furnishes the finest fighting bulls in the republic. This kind of Mexican sports is not only a matter of his chosen profession, but is also a highly educated gentleman. He is rich, though poor, and owns one of the finest private libraries in the country. He is a noble-looking fellow and the idol of a large number of his countrymen. A journal said of him not long since:

"Should some day a man be required to fill the archiepiscopal see at Mexico and the bull-fight-going people be called to elect a man for the place, Ponciano would be the first to be named."

Should a presidential election be left to the will of the masses enthusiastically patronizing the popular sport, Ponciano would be the first to be named.

Should it ever come to the point of abolishing the republican system of government in Mexico and creating a monarchy instead, we would see thousands of the young *madrados* and *admirals* proposing the name of Ponciano the First for the Mexican throne.

Therapeutic Gaiter was not far from right when he said: "A good bull-fight is better than all of Shakespeare's plays," or as a recently arrived Richmonder says, "It is the most intensely exciting thing I ever saw, and horse-racing is nowhere."

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS. The business of bull-fighting is a profitable one when a man is not killed or crippled to early in life. The men who get the smallest pay receive not less than \$40 for a single evening's work, and the *primera espada* frequently earns \$500 in two or three hours. To this must be added the sum of money for the *toreros* when some particularly good work is done. The managers pay, besides, a heavy tax to the Government, so that with *Atenco* bulls which cost not less than \$150 each, the *torero* is a very rich man.

The admission is from 25 to 75 cents for seats on the sunny side, and from \$1 to \$5 in the shade. The suits worn by the men in these fights are picturesque and gaudy, and being covered with gold-silver and bangles, cost from \$200 to \$1,000.

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